one of the men standing, whether he knew any *'Vidya" i.e. supernatural art; the man a Tindale for the station having answered him in the affirmative, our doctor wanted me to wait, where I stood and himself went forward a few paces in the direction of the brick fields. He was not gone very far but all on a sudden seemed to return and taking me along with him, this our "doctor returned" began to proceed in the direction of the kitchen, talking to me as we walked. "Are you not afraid of me?" he asked. **! am not your doctor, though I appear in his form. Do you believe in ghosts?" I could not at first make any meaning out of all that he said, more than that he was trying to humour me a bit and so only smiled now and again at his pains.

How could I believe that he was only an apparition and not the doctor himself, when I saw that he was quite a man in flesh and blood, just like ourselves and the very image of the doctor I was talking to, only a few minutes ago? We had both walked hand in hand for

some distance together, so that there could be BO room for any the slightest doubts as to the visible, tangible and perfectly material character